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she was nursing a child; and as the baby fed, Nordzin picked lice off herself and off the child and cracked them with her fingernails. Her hair was matted. Nordzin, about five feet eight and slight, had a flat face that was creased with care and worry and unhappiness. The faces of the children were as filthy as the rags they wore.

I inquired of Pamba why they were so poor when Phuntzog made twelve dollars a month and the garden produced all the vegetables they could eat. The answer was slow in coming, and even then it was evasive. It seems that a great portion of the income of the Gyalangs goes into the making of *chan*, the local barley beer. Indeed, one eighth of the farm production of Leh is used to make this brew. It stimulates many quarrels between the brothers. With the help of the *chan*, Phuntzog and Pamba raise their voices over Nordzin.

When I entered the Gyalang house, I began to understand the basis for the friction. It is a one-room affair. A clay stove, built by Phuntzog, is against one wall. The floor is of mud and very dirty. There are no chairs, no table, no bed. The one wife, four children, and two husbands roll up together on the floor.

There was a scowl on Pamba's face when I asked him about Phuntzog.

"He's Nordzin's favorite," Pamba complained.

"But he's gone most of the day and many nights on his mail route," I said.

Pamba only shrugged his shoulders.

Later I talked with Phuntzog. The sun was just rising over Leh, and he was in a hurry to get started on the road to Spitok. He, like Pamba, is short, squat, round-faced, and bedraggled. Like Pamba, he was full of complaints. His brother was getting the best of the arrangement, he said. His long absences gave Pamba the advantage. It was he, Phuntzog, who owned the place; yet it was Pamba who acted like lord and master. And Pamba was lazy and made Nordzin do all the work.